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THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE is published on the 15th day of each month from October to June inclusive, by the Senior Class of *Princeton University*. Its aim is to provide the proper outlet for the literary efforts of the undergraduates, and thus to encourage the full, symmetrical development of the student body in Belles-Lettres.

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THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE

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NO. 1

Soliloquy

Shall I not then refuse
To enter here? to lose
The star-aspiring dream
That in my youth did seem
To cry, "Success"?

How drear this road, I know!
How many souls would go
With me—that may not climb
The battlements sublime
To happiness!

There winds that other way,
More glorious—where they,
Who feel the hectic flame
Burning beneath their shame,
Toil fitfully.

There doth ambition call
To scale high Heaven's wall.
Here love—that magnifies
By stern self-sacrifice—
Calleth to me.

There for each fevered soul
Fair gleams the distant goal.
Here for a brother's need
The heart must ever bleed,
The passion glow.

There crowns of fadeless light
Beckon the soul to flight.
Thorn-woven crowns they wear
Who tread this pathway bare,
Unblessed and low.

Ambition, what of thee?
Thy guerdon mockery!
What joy, for hearts, thou hast,
Far followed—at the last
Doth lose its zest.

Choose I the dust-dim road,
Where, bending to the load
That others share—I, blind,
World-weary oft—shall find
The bourne of rest.

Howard Arnold Walter

Forgotten

HIGH up in the hills lies the little village of Westown. Even the natives believe that their hamlet (and likewise the Hotel West) is named from its position relative to some other part of the earth. But were it not that the memory of man runneth back but a very little way, it would be remembered that Hiram West was once the patriarch of the community and that in his honor was Westown named.

These are the generations of the village: The farmers establish a church on some land given for the purpose by West from a corner of his farm; near it some enterprising man opens a tavern; a general store makes its appearance, and a smithy; a doctor and a lawyer join the group; the new district school is built there; and, as a final touch, Uncle Sam installs a post office. But when the railroad is built, it passes through Snufftown, five miles away, instead of through Westown, and the latter hamlet falls into a last deep sleep. However the decadence does not come until Hiram West has been gathered unto his people.

One day toward sunset a tall, slight man of forty-five could be seen stalking up the road toward West's home. It was West himself returning from a hard day's work in the fields. As he approached the house he noticed that the shutters of the front-parlor had been opened, and hastened forward to learn the occasion of this unwonted exposure to the sun. Within sat a short, stout, city-dressed man, whom he recognized as the leading local politician of his own party. They greeted each other as men glad to meet; and then, when they had settled down in their chairs, Collins, the visitor, at once came to business.

"Squire, I want to talk politics with you. To put it straight we must have a strong candidate for congress this

fall. The Republicans have put up Hotchkiss, and he's popular. Say, there is only one man that can beat him and that man is you. Hiram, old boy, we're going to make you Congressman."

As he spoke he put out his hand and the two men shook silently. There was no need for West to speak,—his pleasure shone plainly through his eyes, for it had long been his honorable ambition to represent his district in congress. No man knew better than he that the word of Collins, no matter how gently pronounced, was law to the Democracy of the district. And further, he felt in his heart that he could easily beat Hotchkiss at the polls. At last with a gulp, he spoke up.

"It is a great honor; I should try not to disgrace my state."

"O you'll be all right; yes sir, a credit to the old commonwealth!"

"And besides, I'm grateful to you personally," continued West, "if I can ever do you a good turn, count on me."

"Well, there will be a small service you can do me," replied the politician, striking while the iron was hot, "you have heard of the Scranton Railroad Act. I'm pretty heavily interested in that railroad. I guess I can rely on you all right to see the bill through the House."

At the mention of the Scranton Act, West's face fell; he had heard of that bill before, but usually as the "Scranton Steal," and had regarded it as a plain attempt to defraud the people of a valuable franchise in the interest of unscrupulous politicians and financiers. The worried, hesitating look, habitual to West, signifying not that he was a weak man, but rather, a slow thinker, became accentuated.

"I didn't know you were interested in that," he said indecisively.

"Yes," repeated Collins, "I am heavily interested. In fact, if it doesn't pass next term, I'm done for in the money line. We just got to put it through," he concluded

clinchng the point with a blow of his fist in the hollow of the other hand.

Then seeing the unwilling look in West's face, he thought best not to say any more about it until the candidate had had time to conjure up the glories of the congressional state. So he changed the conversation to the lateness of the corn crop and took his leave.

Next week the county paper contained the following modest political note:

Among those mentioned for Democratic Congressional nominee from this district, the name of Mr. Hiram West is prominent. His boom began quietly last week and as we go to press seems likely to be successful. Go it, Hiram, the county is with you!

One evening, shortly after the printing of this notice, a party of three appeared at West's farm,—two of them neighboring farmers; and the third, Snook, the post-master. West led them into the room which he used as his office,—a square, old-fashioned room, with flowered wall-paper and white wood-work. After they had seated themselves around the center-table there was silence for a moment while Dogberry, the chosen spokesman, fidgeted in his seat. Finally he began,

"Hiram, you know the convention meets next week, and we've been talking things over."

"That's so," chimed in Johnson, the third man of the trio.

West sat silent and grave; he knew what was coming.

"We want to put your name up for congress," continued the spokesman, warming to his task, "and Bill Collins says you'll get it sure if you're willing—he's been finding out what the boys think about it and says it's sure."

"The nomination means election, too;" added Snook, who was a henchman of Collins."

Again there was a silence in the room. Through the open window floated the sounds of youngsters playing ball. West heard the shrill cry of his fourteen year old son

"Home! Throw it home!" He took his corncob from his mouth and looked at the ceiling, then around the room.

"Well boys, it's mighty kind of you, but . . ." he hesitated.

Snook saw his hesitation and spoke up, "See here, West, it isn't many men get offered the place of congressman. For your children's sake you ought not to refuse. It will mean a lot to them to say they're sons of the Honorable Hiram West, Representative in the United States Congress. Why, you'll never be forgotten,—your name will be in all the histories; say, you'd be a fool to refuse."

"You bet on that," said Johnson.

Dogberry took up the argument, "And the people too,—you ought to go for them. I don't know why Collins wants you and don't care,—but you're the first decent man he's been willing to nominate for ten years. It's a chance which it ain't right to turn down."

Once more there was an interruption from without, "Me want Papa."

Then the voice of Mrs. West on the porch, "Come here Dearie, you can't see him now. Come to Mother."

A pattering of unsteady feet sounded across the porch and another, "Me want Papa," smothered by loving arms. Snook continued:

"You've got to decide, West. Which is it? Shall we tell Bill to go ahead and nominate you?"

The four men rose together. West stood very stiff and awkward before them; it seemed to him that he was in some manner on trial. But he had lost for a moment that worried look and he spoke firmly as he knocked the ashes from his pipe with an air of finality:

"It's mighty kind of you, boys; but I guess I'd better refuse. Congress is pretty fine, all right, but I think I'll stay here. Bill Collins can get someone else to run his Scranton Steal for him."

John Ogden Bigelow.

A Backhand Blow

"IT'S perfectly scandalous, the way those two carry on. I wouldn't allow it if I was her mother," gasped old Miss Simpkins, whose righteous indignation was probably increased by the fact that the elevator boy had just slammed the door, in spite of her frantic rush across the hall.

"It's awful," announced Mrs. Porter as one who had discovered a fact of far reaching import. "Why to-night she actually beckoned to him in the dining room, to come over and sit at her table, and they were the last ones in the room, too."

"Yes, I told Mrs.—" began Miss Simpkins. I moved a little so as to get in her nearsighted landscape, and she stopped abruptly. Just then the elevator came down and we filed in. I got out at the second floor and as the door banged behind me I heard her say, "Well of all the impudence! There he stood listening to every word we said," which was most unjust, considering—

But this is what really happened. Margaret and I came up from the lake rather late, so that by the time I had dressed for dinner the diningroom was almost deserted. Margaret was there ahead of me, however, but in spite of the friendly smile with which she greeted me on my entrance, I marched resolutely over to my own table. Presently she made signs for me to come and sit by her.

"Well sir," she said, as I pulled out the chair, "did you have too much of my society this afternoon?"

"Oh no," said I, "but you know that distance lends enchantment."

"Do I need it so, then?"

"I was speaking of myself," I replied. "Now my dearest wish is to appear in your eyes—"

"Just look at that ball dress of Jane Porter's," interrupted Margaret hastily. The Porter family—the last ones at dinner, as usual—were stalking down the center aisle.

"Doesn't she look like a perfect fright in it, they say it came from Worth, too."

I opened my mouth.

"Now please don't make one of your old puns."

"I was merely going to remark," I answered meekly, "that Worth always has been noted for the quality rather than the quantity of his work."

Margaret pretended to frown.

"It's very unkind of you to say such things behind people's backs," said she, ignoring the fact that she had started the subject. "Now I suppose to-morrow you'll be saying just as horrid things about me."

"My dear Margaret, I would never say anything but—"

"Will you have soup, sir?" inquired the waitress.

I waived the soup, but my opportunity went with it. All the afternoon I had been sparring for a chance to tell Margaret my true feeling toward her, but every time she had switched me off, apparently in the most accidental manner. Still I had to go back to the city the next morning and I resolved not to be switched off again. The last of the diners had left and our waitress was out filling my order. The time seemed opportune.

"May I read your hand?" I asked—palmistry I had always understood, was specially invented to give timid bachelors an opening.

Margaret held out her left hand, palm downward.

"The other side, please," said I, taking her little hand in mine and wondering how best to make the plunge.

"But you haven't read all there is on the back yet," said she softly. I think she felt sorry for me. She moved her third finger so that the gem on it sparkled with little points of fire.

"Oh, what a beautiful diamond," I said, then with a sickening conviction, "Why—why it looks like an engagement ring?"

"Yes," Margaret gently drew away her hand. "But it isn't announced yet—Bob couldn't get away, and I didn't want to spoil my whole summer by being an engaged girl."

"Well, I hope you've enjoyed it." I don't know what other disgruntled remark I might have made next, but at that moment her mother called from the door :

"Margaret, here's a surprise for you. He came up on the eight o'clock stage."

Margaret dropped her napkin. "O Bob!" I heard her say, and then—my back was toward the door and I did not dare look around, but—well, hang it all—from the sounds I heard I was not sorry to leave next morning.

J. Dayton Voorhaes.

The Call of the Sea

“CAN’T we see the stars and the sea to-night, Frida?” said a baby voice.

“Na, na, little one, lay thee close in nursie’s arms. The stars be all gone to sleep and thee must go also.”

Thereupon the curly head fell back, the eyes closed, and the old nurse began to rock softly to and fro while the embers in the great fireplace rose and died again with the gusts of wind which howled about the towers of the castle. The light gleamed fitfully on her face as she began to croon an old slumber song, some northland ballad of the long ago. The sighing of the wind and the uneasy rustling of the tapestry in the old hall kept time to her low voice and now and again a dull roar came up from the foot of the cliffs, bearing the defiance of the German Ocean. Presently the rooks ceased their clatter and an aged servitor brought in fresh wood for the fire, which began to roar again.

So the stormy evenings passed at Elsamere. On clear nights the old nurse would take her charge out on the great terrace which overlooked the sea. Then the moon would be shining and the ocean would seem very peaceful and wonderful with a white mist upon it. A gentle breeze played in the ivy which covered the great wall behind them and a bird, almost like a nightingale, would sing in the dark gardens. On these nights Archie could look at the stars and the sea to his heart’s content while Frida sang her songs to him and told him marvellous tales of the northland—that mysterious northland from which her race came. Then Archie would listen with his eyes wide with astonishment and fixed on the sea, which he was always watching. And the old nurse would tell him of his father and of his beautiful mother and of all his ancestors; what great knights and ladies they had been; how they had always been buried there in the meadow by the

garden and how he too should one day be a great and good man, being the last of a great and good line. Then Archie would sit a long time watching the sea until suddenly he would cry out in terror and begin to weep and be put to bed sobbing in unintelligible grief.

On summer afternoons they sat in the great garden or wandered about the purlieus of the castle. More often they explored the old building itself, stopping often to read the motto over the half-ruined gateway. The words, almost obliterated by the crumbling of the stone and overgrown with ivy, ran thus, in a quaint lettering :

Whan the youngest laird shal lay his banes,
Mesure for mesure, teare for teare,
In tha sea that laps these auncient stanes
Than falls the huse of Elsamere.

Then would the old nurse repeat again the story of the prophesy which was given when the castle was built long, long ago in the time of the great William that came from over sea. And Archie would listen with wondering eyes. At times they wandered away over the moors which lay to the northward of the castle. In the early spring mornings the larks would be singing there or, on summer afternoons, it was Archie's delight, laughing with joy, to chase the sunset, as he said, from hillock to hillock. Then he would come back to the old nurse and whimpering in disappointment tell her that there was nothing there and that he was tired of running. Once he wandered away and toward sun-set the whole household in consternation set out to search for him. Long after the sun had gone down they found him wandering, weeping and disconsolate, near the edge of the downs where they broke away into cliffs and dropped to the seashore. Catching sight, at length, of the searchers, Archie ran to his nurse through the dusk and, hiding his face in her dress, wailed in abject terror: "The Sea! the Sea!" and refused to be comforted.

So the winter came again with the storms and long evenings and then spring brought back the ivy leaves and the birds. And so many winters and summers passed while Archie grew up into a noble youth. He was straight as any of the Norway pines, which stood like sentinels by the castle close, and his clear blue eye and curly yellow hair declared his parentage the same. His dogs, his pony, and the never-ending moors were his companions. Only the sea he never ventured near.

At length came the time when the vicar of the neighboring parish announced that Archie, or the Young Laird, as they called him on the country-side, was prepared for entering the university. Then followed the dreary weeks before his departure. He was a goodly sight the morning that he rode away. With a few words of farewell he was off over the moors. Wistfully the old nurse watched him go from hilltop to hilltop to the southward until he was gone, as it seemed to her, never to return.

The winter set in early and never was such a winter known on the north coast. All through the long months the wind howled and the long snowy breakers roared against the cliffs. Three fishing boats from the nearby village were wrecked in one night and two of the great Norway pines by the castle fell. They were bad omens, said the fisher-folk and so also thought old Frida as night after night she sat and dreamed alone before the fire until the spring came.

Then followed the long vacation of the university, and with it Archie. The old place grew brighter. There were the evening talks again and the long rides over the downs. But there were never any festivities nor ever any of the neighboring gentry riding to visit the young laird, for he was always alone, and yet seemingly happy. So it was during all the vacations, and finally when the last year of college was over, Archie did not as usual arrive at Elsamere but in his stead came a letter saying that he was to

travel. He could not take the Grand Tour, he wrote, because his dislike for the sea held him back—that unintelligible fear of his for the sea.

Frida sighed when she read it, thinking of the old inscription over the castle gate. Then, at intervals, came long letters of travel in Wales, of shooting, of tramping, of exploring, all written in the spirit of one seeking something which he could not find, something, perhaps, that he had lost. And Frida only sighed and crooned to herself, sitting there alone summer evenings on the great terrace which gave on the stars and the sea.

Until, when the leaves began to wither in the old garden and the days to shorten, the young laird came home to Elsamere. But it was not the same Archie. There was a new look in his eyes, a strange haggard look, the look of a disappointed man, of a searcher after things which he had never found. Still, as the autumn deepened into winter, the old life came back. Once the young laird had ridden all day on the moors and was returning at sundown to the castle. From her little turret window Frida watched him approaching. His weary pony was walking slowly and he sat gazing out intently over the sea. He wore no hat and the breeze scarce ruffled his hair which turned all golden in the sunset. So, motionless, with his eyes far distant on the ocean, he rode into the courtyard and dismounted.

He was uneasy as they sat by the fire that night. He prophesied a storm from the southward and complained bitterly of the sea. It seemed the moors were like the ocean to him now and he would ride there no more. So Frida must needs tell all her childhood tales over to him again while the sea began to moan without and a strong wind to rise. Then she sang him many of the old songs, but he was restless and by curfew a storm was raging and howling over the roof of the crazy old building. Archie would not be comforted. There was a spirit upon

him. He paced up and down the old hall, starting at the furious gusts of wind. Suddenly he stopped. The storm had died down for a moment and a sound was audible—a far distant sound borne in from the the sea on the wind in a long wail. It quivered and was still. There was deathly silence in the room. Archie threw up his hands. "The Sea! the Sea! It has come," he moaned and staggered toward the great doors which gave on the terrace. He threw them open and was gone.

The storm rushed into the hall and aroused the old nurse who crouched motionless by the fire. She forced her way to the terrace. The wind brought to her the sound of some one descending the cliffs to the sea. There was silence for a moment and then followed the rapid beat of oars. Presently that too was lost and she stood alone in the darkness and the night. At length for a second the wind died away and there came to her ears a far off murmur from the sea, a sound like the echo of a great cry, a cry of triumph.

"My darling! my darling!" she screamed. Only the shriek of the winds and the roaring of the waves brought her a reply.

Charles Ames Brooks.

Rhine Maiden

*There sits the cold Rhine Maiden
Above the haunted tide,
With laurel garlands laden
Of heroes who have died.*

She sings a song of slumber,
She has a harp of gold ;
And day dreams without number
Do all her steps encumber
With glories that are old.

Dank osiers bind her tresses,
The water weeds her hair ;
The heroes whom she blesses
In silence she caresses,
For never sound comes there.

She laughs a pleasant laughter,
She lures as does the sea,
The tides which seem to waft her
From us to the hereafter
Are things which cannot be.

*With laurel garlands laden,
Men offered in their pride,
Oh scorn not mine, Rhine Maiden,
When I too shall have died!*

Charles Ames Brooks.

In the Shadow of the Woods

DO you know that in the forests there is hidden a subtle influence which can teach you many a lesson you cannot learn among the habitations of men? If you would feel its potency, strike across the hills some spring morning while the only sign of the sun's approach is a faint red glow in the eastern sky. The valley spreads out dark and still below you, with its damp woods half hidden by the morning mists; the fresh mountain air braces and invigorates and, by the time the sun burns through the mist, the woods through which your path now leads springs into life, with an increasing chatter of birds and squirrels.

There is a certain spot, neither so far away as to be inaccessible, nor yet near enough to be generally intruded upon, where you can spend the day fishing to your heart's content, and need fear no unwelcome interruption. It lies several miles back in the woods, at the end of an abandoned stage-road which is now scarcely more than a woodland trail, so densely is it covered with under-brush and overhung by well nigh impenetrable blackberry bushes. At the end of the road is a deep ravine, cut in the rock by the rushing waters of many centuries, through which the stream darts, swift as an arrow. There was formerly a bridge spanning this chasm,—but that was long ago, when steam-engines were curiosities, and the route from Boston to Albany was traversed twice a day by heavy stage-coaches which stopped here to change horses and give their occupants an opportunity to stretch their travel-weary limbs. Now coach and horses, bridge and tavern are gone, and with them the old-time travellers in their Wellingtons and tight breeches who used to take the opportunity offered to cast a line into the near-by stream.

At the foot of the one remaining pillar lies a deep pool, on either side of which the eddying waters scurry, leaving

it silent and calm. It looks tempting,—as though it were just the spot where a good-sized trout should be waiting to capture his breakfast. Yes, there he is, more than a foot long, alert and motionless, his side flashing beneath the surface. You try for him with your daintiest skill, changing your flies again and again. Then what a sudden interest and shock you experience when a fish, fifty yards up stream, makes that quick, peculiar splash as it leaps gleaming out into the sun-light. You spring up and go slipping from rock to rock to the spot where a moment ago you saw the splash.

All day you linger at the pool, though the sun rises high overhead and your fish—having satisfied his morning appetite—is no longer willing to snap at the tempting flies you offer. Now, laying down rod and line, you empty your water-filled boots and stretch out on a granite boulder, overhung by shading cliffs. Perchance you fall asleep, and awakening find that the sun stands no longer above the gorge. Linger still you try your luck over the old ground, but your tired limbs are ready for home, and the basket slung across your shoulder feels heavier at every step. So, leaving the brook behind, you turn toward home while the shadows of the woods grow deeper and deeper, and the sweet odor of moss and fir rises gently on every side.

Charles Trowbridge Tiltmann.

The Queen of Sheba's Revenge

THE great engine coughing hoarsely at the long line of swaying cattle cars dragging in its rear, clanked over the switches into the yard of Elmira and rested panting beside the water tank. The engineer, oil can in hand, dropped from the cab, and the conductor, whistling a gay misinterpretation of some wayward air, hurried forward to the platform where the operator of the little station yawned and shivered in the glare of light cast from the office window.

"Cool to-night," volunteered the latter, handing over the thin sheets of tissue paper on which were written the train orders.

"Yep," assented the conductor, "but I've seen it colder."

"Much of a load to haul?"

"Standing room only. Nineteen cars loaded to the roof with steers. What's this?" He glanced up. "Meet Train 79 at Siding 26? What's eatin' you, man? We're due at 26 at 9.35. Train 79 is due there at 12.15, providin' her engine don't blow out a cylinder head as usual and her air don't get the jim-jams. That means we lay over three hours at least, and these cattle are shipped straight to K. C. Why don't you lay us out all along the line and be done with it? You people ought to come to realize we've got as much claim to this track as any old accommodation that ever tore up the right of way."

"Sorry, can't help it," yawned the operator, "it's not my fixin'. Them's orders. That train of yours is such a high-flyer maybe you can pass 79 on the one track."

The conductor grunted contemptuously and swung his lantern in rapid semi-circles that swept glowworm arcs in the night air. The engine tooted twice; a convulsion of jerks shook the length of the train. "You seem to be runnin' the road, don't you? Better go on in and pound

your key awhile, seein' they can't get along without you. And say, you give that train dispatcher my compliments and tell him he's a ham, and no sugar-cured ham at that."

"Nothin' could please me more, but he'd melt the wires sendin' your compliments back, and then I couldn't tell him you've been stuck on the grade."

"Not so much danger of that," called back the conductor as he caught a passing car, "as there is of your getting stuck on yourself."

The operator shook his fist in mock defiance, and stayed to watch the lights of the caboose round the curve. Further down the track three figures merged into the shadow of the train.

"Bums," thought the operator, stretching his arms, "I predict rough scratchin' for them if that con. gets 'em to-night."

From Elmira to Siding 26, honored on the county map by the title Daleville, the grade is a level stretch of a dozen miles. There the line begins its ascent to the divide before making the last dip down to the plains and eastward. At an earlier period of its spasmodic history, Daleville was the center of a thriving cattle country. The coming of a railroad had brought promise of a future shipping point, and even greater things; but the railroad had seen fit to pass through the metropolis on a high trestle, and encroaching civilization and barbed wire fence had frightened the cattle further west over this first spur of the Rockies. And since the promise remained unfulfilled, the little village grew morose, sulking unmolested in its little valley, and Petersburg, around the base of Cheyenne Mountain, whose railroad did not bisect the town on a level with the chimneys, reclaimed the majority of the rapidly diminishing shipments. Each city possessed the regulation saloon and its accompaniment of a store and a few dwellings. Siding 26 is a stone's throw east of Daleville.

The three tramps clambered swiftly up the side ladders of the cars to which they had attached themselves, and crept unsteadily along the running boards in search of an unfastened hatch door. One by one, when success rewarded their search, they dropped through the opening. The cattle, tired with their day's ride, paid the newcomers scant attention. Many strange experiences had been theirs the past week and they were fast becoming sophisticated. A man or two, or even a tramp or two, as fellow-passengers created merely a passing sensation. Travel sometimes is a great leveler. It was snug and comfortable in the car with the warm, penetrating animal heat that supplied the place of steam pipes of more modern invention. Overhead in the racks was a quantity of hay into which the knights of the road crept and retired for that sleep granted the happy mortals who take life as they find it. The train rolled along through the night; the steers munching and blowing between dreams of the fair pasture lands they were to see no more, swayed like huge pendulums back and forth to the rhythm of the wheels.

Lounging in their seats in the caboose the drovers made merry. The final roundup was over, quotations were up, so the commission-merchants had telegraphed, and the lights of the big city seemed not far away. Liquor flowed and tobacco burned. Spirits rose as spirits sank. The customary outburst of laughter had greeted a customary story when the conductor entered.

"Hello, President of the Jerkwater—greetings," cried one. "Why so down in the mouth?" The President-To-Be vouchsafed a scowl. "Come, chirp up, have a drink. Take a cigar."

The scowl on the conductor's face vanished. "Whiskey? Never touch it, but— Thanks. No water, I can't see the use. Here's how, boys." They drank. "Got orders to let the accommodation pass us at Daleville. We hold down the siding while she does it."

"How long?"

"Can't tell, she's due at 12.15."

"Thought we were billed through."

"Me, too, till we struck Elmira."

"So be it. The fault rests not with you; we forgive you."

"Thanks."

"Play poker, President?" asked another.

"A little, nosey poker."

"Take a hand and try your luck."

"Don't care if I do. As lief bang your nose as anybody's else, I'm not the least particular."

A deck of greasy cards was produced. The smoke grew denser, filling the caboose with heavy, blue rings through which the lamps glimmered yellow. The game was a serious matter. Naught but the spat of falling cards, and the flick of blows on unfortunate noses, broke the silence. Presently the whistle of the locomotive, shrill and thin, came back over the car roofs. "There's Daleville," observed the conductor, rising from his seat. "Have to go up now." The train stopped and backed in from the main line.

The drovers arose and pulled at their belts. "Let's take a look at the cows," said one, "they may be lonesome." The irony of fate directed their steps to the car wherein the tramps slumbered peacefully. The cattle gazed with round, inquiring eyes at the lantern and shyed away snorting. After all they were not so sophisticated. Lights in sleeping cars were an innovation to them. The men poked inquisitive fingers into well-barreled ribs. "First class," was the sentiment. "They'll average an easy eleven hundred. Let's go to the next car." Once again the irony of fate played trumps when the last man out paused for a final look.

"Hello, what's that?" he exclaimed, pointing to a foot which protruded over the edge of the hay rack. He seized

it and yanked mightily. "Quit it," drawled a drowsy voice, "Lemme alone." The drover pulled a second time, and a frowzy head appeared. "What the —— how are ye?" A smile wandered uncertainly across the features.

"Can't complain," was the answer. "How be ye, yourself?"

"Restin' easy, much obliged."

"Glad to hear it, it's relievin'. Who be ye?"

The tramp thought.

"Well, who be ye?" persisted the drover.

"Speakin' to me?" asked the other. "I'm the Queen of Sheba."

"The what? Who's the Queen of Sheby?"

"I dunno."

"Ever see her?"

"No. She died several years ago."

"Friend of yours?"

"Distant relative, I guess. Once saw her name in the Bible."

"You don't look it. Come down off your throne or we'll Queen of Shebyea you. Now then," when the tramp reached the floor, "where's your court, Sheby?"

"My which?"

"Your court."

"I dunno. Didn't know I was supposed to have one."

"Listen to him," laughed the inquisitor and the surrounding drovers. "Don't you know that we know bums don't travel single? Where are they?"

"In the upper berth, where'd you think?"

Various commands and entreaties brought forth two more individuals.

"Is this all?" pursued the drover.

"Yes."

"Sure?"

"Guess I ought to ——"

"Don't talk so much or you'll catch cold. Now then, ladies," continued the drover, addressing his laughing audience, "pardon, I should say gentlemen,"—the gentlemen bowed from the neck up—"we have the Queen of Sheby with us to-night in all her glory. Also her court, but my! what a sad lookin' one." The court smiled in a deprecatory manner as though they were sorry but it wasn't their fault. "And now, Queenie, you can just hold court. We'll be your courtiers."

"Never been in a court," remonstrated the Queen.

"Did you hear that?" yelped a courtier. "Never been in court. How inexperienced! No, you sanctimon'us sinner, we don't mean the kind you've been used to; we mean t'other way, the style you read 'bout in books, knee breeches and lace and swords and, and—so on. There used to be one in France. Remember? It's a dead cinch. All you have to do is to bow-wow and kow-tow to every courtier that hits your trail, and once in a while you say, 'Rise, Sir Knight, I dub thou—' something or other to such effect." The speaker paused. "Say, boys, we have to have a King, every court has one and we can't fool the prevailin' fashun. You'd make a good lookin' King," he continued, pointing to the taller of the heretofore plebeian followers, "and that other sleepy lookin' cuss'd make a charmin' Prince. Now then, Kingie, Queenie and Princie, hold forth and court, d— ye, and remember we want the real article. Nothin' else goes in this shebang."

"Look here," expostulated the King, "what do you think you're doing? You don't know who—"

"Never mind, little fellow," was the reply. "We'll do all the thinkin' for you. A King don't have to know anything. See?"

At first the royal family most emphatically did not see. Their sudden coronation embarrassed them, and embarrassment works havoc at court functions. Eventually mat-

ters ran more smoothly—for the courtiers. To begin with, the King with a very wry face kissed the Queen, and the Queen held the Prince in her lap and murmured soft motherly things, spiced with softer, unmotherly curses, into the infant's ear. A revolution followed, the Prince usurped the throne, killed his parents, and standing with a foot planted on each breast, proclaimed, "I did it." Other scenes were enacted, popular legends still clinging in the minds of the populace were brought forth and dramatized on the spot. Finally, tears came into the royal eyes, tears of humiliation and rage, for even a tramp has a sense of dignity and self respect; else why do they refuse to work? The crowned heads used threats and entreaties, but the courtiers were loyal subjects and not until 79's whistle shrieked down the canyon did they bid the ruffled family good-night. Through the slats of the closed door the Queen delivered an ultimatum to her amused people. "I'll get you yet for this, you——" The rattle of the train moving off the siding choked the threat, and the Queen was compelled to smoulder with hopeless rage.

"What's the use?" asked the Prince. "They had their fun, there's nothin' left for us but sleep, is there, O Queenie?" A snicker came from the rack to which the Prince had retired.

The Queen exploded. "What's the use? What's the use? Let a lot of measley drovers run over you that way? If you had the gumption of a jack-rabbit, you'd do a lot more than lie there and laugh." The Prince subsided. The Queen sought the roof for the soothing effect of solitude. He sat on the running board, knees drawn up, his hat jammed over his ears, and projected schemes of vengeance. When he arose the plan of direful ways was perfected. He summoned his comrades and addressed them as they sat beside him. "I've fixed it to get even," he began.

"Let's go back to bed," said the Prince.

"No you don't, Sam," replied the Queen, "you stay here. This is my plan. I know this country pretty well. What do you think I've been around here for all summer? The divide's a couple of miles further; when we get there, you'll take the forward end of this car, and Ike will take the back. When I give the signal, you'll yank out the pins."

"What for?"

"Wait and you'll see. We'll send the caboose and the drovers, with some cars to keep them company, back down the cut, and the engine and the rest on ahead. Why, we'll cut their howlin' train in two. Then we'll be square with all concerned."

"Reads like a fairy tale," commented Ike.

"It's easy," continued the Queen. "The engineer'll have his brakes plastered for the down grade, so he'll never know the diff., and by the time the con. gets next, his part will be doin' twenty miles an hour the wrong way."

"Yes, and what'll we be doin'?" objected Sam. "Sit-ting out here all night and listenin' to the bloomin' cattle?"

"No, I've thought that all out. There's a switch near the top of the divide that runs around down to Petersburg. We'll back our car in on that."

"What'll we do then?"

"That's the best part. We'll unload the steers this side of town, drive 'em in, and sell 'em."

"Can't sell 'em."

"Yes, we can. I've heard of Ed Cracker the buyer at Petersburg. He'll buy 'em and what's more, he won't ask over-perplexin' questions."

Ike felt of his empty pockets. "Great scheme," he remarked.

"It is that," said Sam. "We'll all get pinched. The rear brakey will see us."

"Don't you let that bother you," replied the Queen. "He's in the caboose with his mouth glued to a jug. So's

the con. Didn't you smell the breath those drovers had? Besides, it's dark as pitch."

The plan worked to perfection. At the precise moment when the engine with her air brakes set tight topped the divide, the Queen gave the signal. The coupling pins came out and the engine, together with the front section, freed from the weight of many heavy cars, slipped ahead; the rear section ran forward a short distance on its own headway, faltered in its slow climb, and started back. "Set your brakes," screamed the queen. "We're loose." The cut-off car stopped. The caboose and the cars attached were running back more rapidly now. "They'll never know what struck 'em," exclaimed the joyful queen. And so it was, for loaded cars on a two and a half per cent. grade quickly gather momentum. The conductor and rear brakeman were tugging hard at useless brake wheels and swearing viciously at all coupling pins, broken and unbroken. They did not enjoy their extra ride of five miles down the grade.

The Queen had found the switch target and was pulling at the lever. It was locked; with a large stone he broke the padlock. "Shoot her," he called up the track, and the car came on the switch. He threw the lever again, replaced the broken lock, and swung aboard. "So, so, Mr. Drovers," he declaimed from the roof. "The Queen of Sheba will hold court for sure."

At daybreak twenty steers or more were driven by three unknown men through the outskirts of Petersburg. Mr. Edward Cracker was in his back yard performing his scanty morning's rinsing. His surly face lightened up when his eyes fell upon the cattle. The Queen stepped forward. "Morning. You're Mr. Cracker, so they tell me."

"I hev that honor."

"Pleasant morning."

"It is."

"Yes. My boss said to drive this bunch over here and see you about shippin' them. Rate's too high over there."

"So? Where you from?"

"Over yonder." The Queen waved his hand indefinitely at the horizon.

"Rather pop'lar brand you use."

"Think so?"

"I sure do. But to come down to the point," remarked Ed, his eyes narrowing a trifle, "I'll give you four cents a pound."

"Four and a half," promptly replied the Queen.

"Four flat."

"Four and a quarter."

"You heard me."

Sam and Ike shifted feet. "Take it, what do you expect?" whispered the latter.

"All right, they're yours,—as a favor," said the Queen. "Where are your scales?"

Fifteen minutes later, business proceedings over, the Queen pocketed the money. "You say the fast train goes east in an hour, and the gents' furnishing store is down the road? Much obliged. Morning." He started off, then turned. "Of course you can't help it if a bunch of mavericks wander into your corral, they're yours as much as anybody's, but different people have different views about such things."

"Thanks. I always move my cattle right out. This altitude is too high for 'em. My neighbors mind their own business. Mornin'."

Three goodly youths were seated in the Pullman of the "Flyer" crawling eastward. They were smoking long cigars encircled with gorgeous bands.

"What worries me all of a sudden," one was remarking, "Is that your father may raise some objections in regard to the new market for his cattle."

"That'll be all right," said another. "He'll say 'Tut,' and go off and have a good laugh with the manager of the road. Say, won't it be a rattling tale to tell—if we can ever shake the kinks out of our lingo."

They smoked several moments in silence. "And this will be the moral of the tale," said the Queen, "never play roulette and never trifle with royalty."

John Matter.

Editorial

With this issue the management of the Old and New LIT. again changes hands. Once more a new board assumes control and, let us suppose, descants with traditional modesty on the "merit and lofty purpose of the retiring editors," on its own inability to measure up to past standards, but its determination, nevertheless, (here modesty is swallowed up in zeal) to hand the old LIT. down to its successors a better and more popular magazine. All those time-worn platitudes, please to consider said—and said sincerely. The individual and collective achievements of the board from the class of nineteen hundred and four are too widely recognised to admit of our commemorating them; the LIT. has fared well at their hands. As to ourselves, our "purpose and policy" shall be simply to give our time and effort to furthering the interests of the LIT. in every way and at every opportunity. Along what particular lines and with what success, we can talk more sanely in our final resumé next April; or better still, we ask you to observe for yourselves.

Our Contributors At this point it is customary to say a word to prospective contributors, who are told from year to year to "write what you know," "write what you feel," "write simply." Superadded to these warnings, our message, which we would drive home with all the emphasis at our command is *write continuously*. The conception of "working for the LIT." which seems to prevail among a certain class of contributors is that of writing a story or a poem every month, and hopefully turning it in to the editors—with an aftermath of private grumbling when, as is probable, their names do not eventually ornament the

table of contents. Only in the rarest cases has such spasmodic effort resulted in permanent success,—never, we believe, in regard to poetry. If you would succeed in that department, write at least five or six poems a month. Select from them the ones you deem the best, work them over, prune them diligently, and at last submit them, with the assurance that they will be carefully considered and conscientiously criticized. Above all do not be discouraged by failures. Remember the formula of success: "Bold design, constant practice, frequent mistakes."

So much we have said by way of introduction as we enter upon the year's work of mingled drudgery, instructiveness and endeavor—resolved to keep in mind the life-motto of the artist, Burne Jones,

"Our utmost for the highest."

In an editorial published in this magazine last June the subject of Freshman eating-clubs was discussed in all its phases. The arguments *pro* and *con* were sifted, and the logical conclusion of the whole question was found to lie in the establishment of a Freshman Commons — an institution which had at that time been projected, under the management of a local caterer. The beginning of the last academic year witnessed its inception. The crucial period of its history is now past, and it therefore seems fitting to consider its present status in the light of past expectation. Has the Commons actually proved the hoped-for panacea? Viewed from the standpoint of mere numbers it has been a qualified success. There has occurred, of course, the constant ebb and flow of men, not only from table to table in the Commons, but between the Commons and outside eating-houses, which is perennially characteristic of restless Freshman ambition. But the average has remained the same and Commons is, without doubt, as strong to-day as it was last fall. That success, neverthe-

less, is negative, for there have been from the first barely enough men to pay the running expenses, thus leaving no surplus of funds for possible improvements.

This leads us to speak of one of the radical evils of the old régime which the operation of a Commons has not obviated—namely, the execrable food that has been foisted upon much-enduring Freshmen for generations past. It has long been a mooted question, why caterers in Princeton are unable to provide the same quality of food as that which, at half the expense, is served to students in other universities. One reason alleged is the ever-present possibility existing in the minds of eating-house proprietors that they may be bereft of their clubs at a moment's notice. But the risk incurred is not so great as it seems, since it is usually possible to entice from their moorings other dissatisfied and dyspeptic clubs. In respect of food, then, the Commons has not been a success.

More important, to an undergraduate's eyes, at least, are the social features attendant on Freshman club life. Under the present system certain men shift, diligently or wonderingly, from club to club throughout the whole of Freshman year, forming few firm friendships, and uncertain till the very end who will be their associates during the coming year. Others become rooted in a certain club at the start and, if inclined to unobtrusiveness, find themselves at the end of the year with an unpleasantly limited acquaintance among their classmates. More unfortunate still is the necessity many Freshmen experience of allying themselves with uncongenial associates because of their inability to pay exorbitant prices for (so-called) food. It was with a view to precluding the possibility of such conditions that the Commons was inaugurated, and in this direction we are glad to believe it has been successful. The price—still too high if judged by the standard at the other colleges—is at least uniform. The congregating of so large a number

of men under one roof at meal time, and the use of common reading and smoking rooms has been conducive to sociability and the growth of healthy class spirit.

If, as we are convinced, the Commons has *And its Future* already justified its formation, the next question concerns its future. The present caterer stands ready to provide a better grade of food if he can secure a larger percentage of permanent boarders. Whether or not that will be possible rests partly with the upperclassmen, but more particularly with the incoming Sophomore class. If the more influential Sophomore clubs establish their followings at the Commons its success is assured. However that may be, the experiment is to be continued for another year with, probably, a slight raise in price to make provision for a better quality of food. If the results at the end of that time are still encouraging, it is understood that a large building will be donated suitable for the accommodation of both Freshmen and Sophomore clubs. Commons will then be conducted by the University, equipped with the best service and prepared to furnish edible food. With the realization of such a utopian dream the benefits that would accrue to the underclassmen we have seen to be two-fold: an improved condition of health, and the maintenance of a spirit of democracy and good fellowship which has been proved impossible under existing conditions. Meanwhile the set of resolutions adopted by the two upper classes last March is a decided step in the right direction.

Gossip:

ON THE DESIRABILITY OF SAYING THINGS DESIRABLE

" Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant time the gilded vessel goes ;
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ; "

Thomas Gray.

" Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth. "

Alexander Pope.

Of a certainty there comes into the life of every great personage the occasion when he desires most ardently to say something desirable. All other events viewed down the avenue of Time's perspective, as events should properly be viewed if such an avenue is easy of access, depreciate rapidly by comparison and lose much of their original significance. Without doubt this explains why Time loiters not on the highway, but holds steadfast to his course; should he hesitate, and cast a glance over his shoulder, pure chagrin at his inadequate accomplishments would turn his footsteps backward to conceal the wild oats under a splendid new harvest. Then what a Babel of untruthful, sun-dials and hour-glasses would arise. A few of us would be late for dinner, and some early to chapel. Rather let Time have his own way, and if he improve not, why, condemn him for an idle fellow. He is old enough to know better. The Gossip—is an idle fellow. He is entangled in the thread of his own discourse, a matter of no small concern.

The victorious general receiving the humbled sword of his enemy, thinks not so much of the attendant glory as he ponders the courteous words soon to be exchanged. The genial youngster, in sweet companionship with the jar of company-jam, has always in mind the offering of a warm invitation to the festive board should a fond parent appear inclined to join the select circle of good fellowship. Whether or no the overture is accepted is of little moment. So would the Gossip bid welcome with appropriate words. He would say — but the best things are never said, and the Gossip fosters no yearning to be thought sufficiently perverse to presuppose in *you* a deplorable lack of imagination. *Reductio ad absurdum*, which being translated purports, 'He reserves the privilege of smiling discretely to himself.'

The Gossip may smile, for the hope of youth is his, the hope that overcomes imaginary difficulties—they are ever so much more real than real ones. He promises to be very, very considerate of your feelings, and never to chatter more of your exploits (in which he takes a fatherly interest) than Dame Rumor hath on the tip of her tongue. Will you lend your ears? Were the Gossip less modest, he would not hesitate to assure some amount of recurrent interest; as it is, he blushes and trusts his audience is no more embarrassed than he. To the knowledge age grants in recompence for what it takes he lays no claim. But to the forensic wisdom of youth, who has a better prerogative?

Life is a formula. You rise, breakfast, lunch, dine, retire and the formula is apparently solved. But the Gossip who is old—you must never forget that—knows the formula is not solved. No attention has been given the small letter *x*, the unknown quantity, hiding unobtrusively amid its more important neighbors. Sometimes to discover the letter is a difficult matter. It is always there however, and should you desire to seek it out you may be reasonably certain of success. This is the method. Some one of these lazy, warm May afternoons leave behind you everyday life and walk alone under the blue sky. Listen not to the whisper of the wind, or the melodies of birds. Though they can tell you many interesting things, they are extremely egotistical and will talk of nothing except what they have seen and what they have done. To day you are to hear yourself speak. Probably it will be a strange voice, but do not be unsociable. Say something desirable. The Gossip hopes you will find the stranger worthy of further acquaintance; if not, then 'tis an easy matter to shun him completely. He may not regret it.

Poor, foolish Gossip. He set out to say something desirable; we fear he has failed lamentably in the undertaking. Perhaps that is desirable! Who knows? The Gossip doesn't.

Editor's Table

The new Editor sends his greetings to all the old contemporaries of THE NASSAU LIT. For the LIT., like the traditional Wandering Jew, has had another reincarnation, or rather in this case, has changed its soul while its outward form and habit remain as before.

But we have no doubt that something of a similar kind has happened or is about to happen to most of our fellow Lits., which also blossom forth most appropriately each Spring with a fresh crop of editors, managers and literary aspirants.

However the renovating, or shall we only say innovating, effect of these changes is what keeps the old magazines abreast of the times. This was a fact that was forcibly borne in upon us a few days ago, when we were looking through an old LIT. of the forties which we chanced to unearth—literally for it was covered thick with the dust of years—in our first eager explorations of the Sanctum. This old number had an abundance of essays and some very good verse, but that was all. Fiction seemed to be considered beneath the dignity of a true literary magazine, and even the essays were of that slow, painstaking kind which show a laborious effort on the part of their authors and call for no less from the reader.

Such a magazine, in those days, was the academic ideal. But after carefully perusing our pile of exchanges we have failed to find anything approaching this ancient model—and mindful of our future duties we are devoutly thankful.

However there are other good reasons for having an entirely new board each year. The retiring editors have had an opportunity to apply their pet theories in regard to running a college magazine, and to gain that experience and self-confidence which—to judge them by ourselves—they so lacked this time last year. It is time therefore for them to step aside and give place to the rest of us.

These annual changes should be especially beneficial—we are speaking now of general principles—in this department, which might be called the Department of Criticism; for every editor, no matter how broad-minded, will have certain peculiar notions of his own that are almost sure, in the long run, to find their way more and more into his criticism.

Now we do not consider that the Editor's Table should be a sort of operating table, whereon all who are unlucky enough to find themselves will presently be cut and probed to the operator's entire satisfaction, even though such an operation might result in their own good, but we realize that all criticism, by its very nature, must be sometimes unfavorable, and we fear that it is often tinged with the prejudices and idiosyn-

crasies of its author. And in just so far as this is the case, it will appear to the victim unjust and without foundation.

Although the present Editor does not profess to have fewer peculiarities and hobbies than his fellows, he wishes it distinctly understood that he will never allow these to accompany him to the Table, and he assures those of his brother and sister *littérateurs* whom he may hereafter censure that, in so far as common kindness in the one case and his delicate sense of chivalry in the other, will permit, he intends to set forth to an unheeding world, his honest opinions of their worth.

"Irish Heroic Literature" in the Smith College Monthly seems to embody the spirit of its subject, and has a breezy out-of-door atmosphere which is quite refreshing in comparison with the average literary essays of its class. "A Realized Ambition" needs a more original plot. "Jack Cade's Rebellion" is a strong psychological study, and is, we think, the best story in the Monthly.

"Where Ignorance Is Bliss" in the alumnae number of the Mount Holyoke is the kind of light humorous essay we would wish to see more often. "How it all Come About" is interesting reading and was most obviously not written by a man.

In the Georgetown College Journal both "Michel" and "Three Sevens," though rather gloomy in tone, are to be commended for their good local color and for having well-constructed plots which are not overworked but drive straight on to their conclusions. The Exchange Editor, or Exman as he calls himself, has a swinging style which we think worthy of imitation, but we believe he might improve it by cutting out some of the slang.

"Isabelle McFadden" in the Williams Lit smacks of real life and is one of the best stories in our April exchanges. The writer of "English Ideals in Kipling's Poetry" seems to have caught the true spirit of the great poet of the Empire, and we wish to express our approval of his taking a contemporary and well known author as his theme.

The Vassar Miscellany has a quaint little child story, "The Wrong Side of the Bed," which somehow reminds us of one of Kipling's child stories. We quote a poem from the Miscellany—one of the few that appealed to us in this month's exchanges.

POEM

Alone — be not a coward, speak it plain,
 Thou art alone; deny it and the pain
 And restless longing of thy soul shall tear
 The mask away, and leave the truth more bare.

Thou art alone
 And through the tall salt grasses
 The east wind as it passes
 Maketh moan;
 The dull gray rack o'erhead
 Drags inland from the sea,
 And sullen waves beat restlessly
 Upon the drifting sand.

Courage: thou art alone;
 But in the wind there is a rhythm
 And in the sea
 A pulse that beats mysteriously
 With life, a greater life than thine
 In storm-cloud, wind and sea, throbs the Divine.

And thou on this lone shore
 Hearing the breakers o'er and o'er
 Chant to the windswept land
 Swayed by this mighty pulse shall be,
 Till conscious of thine own divinity.

The Vassar Miscellany

FROM THE GATES

Moonlight—and midnight hour
 A war-like field; stout ramparts raise
 Their pinnacles and gargoyles, with
 A breath of mediaeval days.

One guards the sleeping battlements:
 The narrowing vincted trees reveal,
 Clear-cut, the lofty chapel spires
 Which sentinel our college wail.

The Bowdoin Quill.

Book Talk

PRINCETON MEN OF LETTERS AND, IN PARTICULAR, MAURICE AND COOPER ON CARICATURE

Ever and anon we hear that such-and-such a book is written by a "Princeton Man," for these Princeton men working in the field of letters make a surprisingly splendid company. Compared with the other great universities, our rural college can boast but a small number of students,—a third or fourth of the number attending some neighboring institutions,—and these few are commonly reported to give little time to books; and yet the men of our younger generation who have devoted themselves seriously and successfully to letters compare well, in numbers and efficiency, with the *litterateurs* of any other American college. The fact that most of these men received their early training, and gave their first signs of distinguished ability, in the pages of THE NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, must cause in the new Board a feeling of diffidence and grave responsibility in assuming our duties. They have established a high standard of excellence, they have won a place for us in the very van of college publications. It is to the past we look for inspiration to carry forward our work, and of the past we cry leniency in judgment.

The latest work to come to our notice in which Princeton may claim a share is A HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE by Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper, the former, Princeton ex-'94. Mr. Maurice did not write while at college, but soon after leaving he commenced writing articles for the Bookman; and within a year was appointed Associate Editor,—the position which he now holds.

The illustrations of this work,—reproductions of representative caricatures,—are a commentary on the history of the past century, more vivid than words could be. They compel us to realize that there have been two sides to every question. The hopes which we see as idle dreams, the fears of bug-a-boos, were in their day very real; issues long since dead, at which we habitually smile wonderingly, seem very much alive when pictured by the pencils of Gillray or Thomas Nast. We are prone, in reading our history, to regard events as settled beforehand; predestination seems easy. We underestimate lost causes. But looking forward, when men are praying for a favorable outcome of tomorrow's battle, and are not aware that the Almighty has ordained rain to bemire the enemy's guns or a fog to lead astray his ships, Providence seems distant. Hope, fear, and blatant assurance are revealed in these cartoons in a ridiculous but unforgettable manner.

The authors have done well in devoting a large portion of their text to explanations of the cartoons,—to the information of time and place necessary to an appreciation of the situation. But, on the other hand, they have not neglected to weave this part, together with a careful estimate of the work of the several satirical artists, into a pleasant narrative of the growth of cartooning.

Before caricature could assume an important place in political strife, the perfection of printing devices was necessary. Cartoons would lose their vigor if they did not appear soon after the event which called forth their ridicule. So cartooning did not get fairly started until the establishment of the weekly newspapers,—*La Caricature*, in 1830; *Punch*, eleven years later; and *Leslie's* and *Harper's*, in the '60's. France was first in the field with Philpon, Daumier, Travies,—all artists on the staff of *La Caricature*. Poor Louis Phillipe, the Citizen King, "*La Poire*," as the caricaturists dubbed him, gave a plenty of themes for the clever wits and skilled pens of his subjects. There were some English caricaturists before the coming of Mr. Punch—Gillray and Rowlandson, for instance,—but they were a sporadic growth; there was no continuous line of them. Our own country, which now leads in caricature, did not have any notable satirical artists before Thomas Nast. This Nast was a rid-

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iculously short German who never learned to speak English without the Teutonic pronunciation and grammar. But he made his weight felt tremendously in the fight in New York against the Tweed Ring ; and established caricature in America as a force to be reckoned with.

The authors give us an interesting bit of information concerning the *architecture* of a cartoon. " Few people who are not directly concerned in its making ever realize how essentially the modern caricature is a composite production. Take, for example, the big, double-page cartoon which has become such a familiar feature in *Puck* or *Judge*, with its complicated groups of figures, its suggestive background, its multitude of clever minor points ; the germ idea has been picked out from perhaps a dozen others, as a result of careful deliberation, and from this starting point the whole design has been built up, detail by detail, representing the joint cleverness of the entire editorial staff. A political cartoon resembles in a way a composite photograph, which embodies not merely the superimposed features of the men who sat before the camera, but something also of the countless generations before them, who have made their features what they are by transmitting from father to son something of their own personality. In a way the political cartoon of to-day is the product of a gradual evolution, mirroring back the familiar features of many a cartoon of the past. It is not merely the embodiment of the ideas of the satirists who suggested it and the artist who drew it, but also of many a tradition and stereotyped symbol, bequeathed from generation to

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generation by artists dead and gone." (The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature by A. B. Maurice and F. T. Cooper. New York : Dodd, Mead & Co.)

BREVITIES, being more "Crankisms," is a little book which has stirred us to smile. The dainty pictures by Clare Victor Dwiggins and the crisp proverbs by the late Lisle de Vaux Matthewman equally contribute to our amusement. BREVITIES is just the thing to pick up when one does not feel like reading anything strenuous. A quotation or two will illustrate Mr. Matthewman's vein of humor. "The difference between the man who expects much and the man who expects little, is that the former is disappointed in getting little, the latter in getting less." "When a man flatters himself that he knows a woman, he—flatters himself." "A fair division is where we get the lion's share." "Fortune is capricious because feminine: for the same reason it is easily bluffed." (Brevities. By L. de V. Matthewman. Pictured by C. V. Dwiggins. Philadelphia : Henry T. Coates & Co.)

Books Received

G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Matthew Arnold. By William Harbutt Dawson. An interesting interpretation of Arnold's life and work.

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The American Immortals (Popular Edition.) By George Cary Eggleston. A new edition of a series of biographical sketches of the men whose names are inscribed in the Hall of Fame of New York University. The illustrations form the feature of the volume.

What Handwriting Indicates. By John Rexford. A clear presentation of an entertaining pseudo-science.

An Introduction to Vertebrate Embryology. By Albert Moore Rees. A text-book based on "the study of the frog and the chick."

Addresses and Presidential Messages of Theodore Roosevelt: with an Introduction by Henry Cabot Lodge. An interesting fact is stated in the publisher's note, that Mr. Roosevelt considered these speeches as belonging to the public and, therefore, refused to derive any pecuniary advantage from their publication.

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